

The General IN TORONTO, FEBRUARY 7th to 12th.

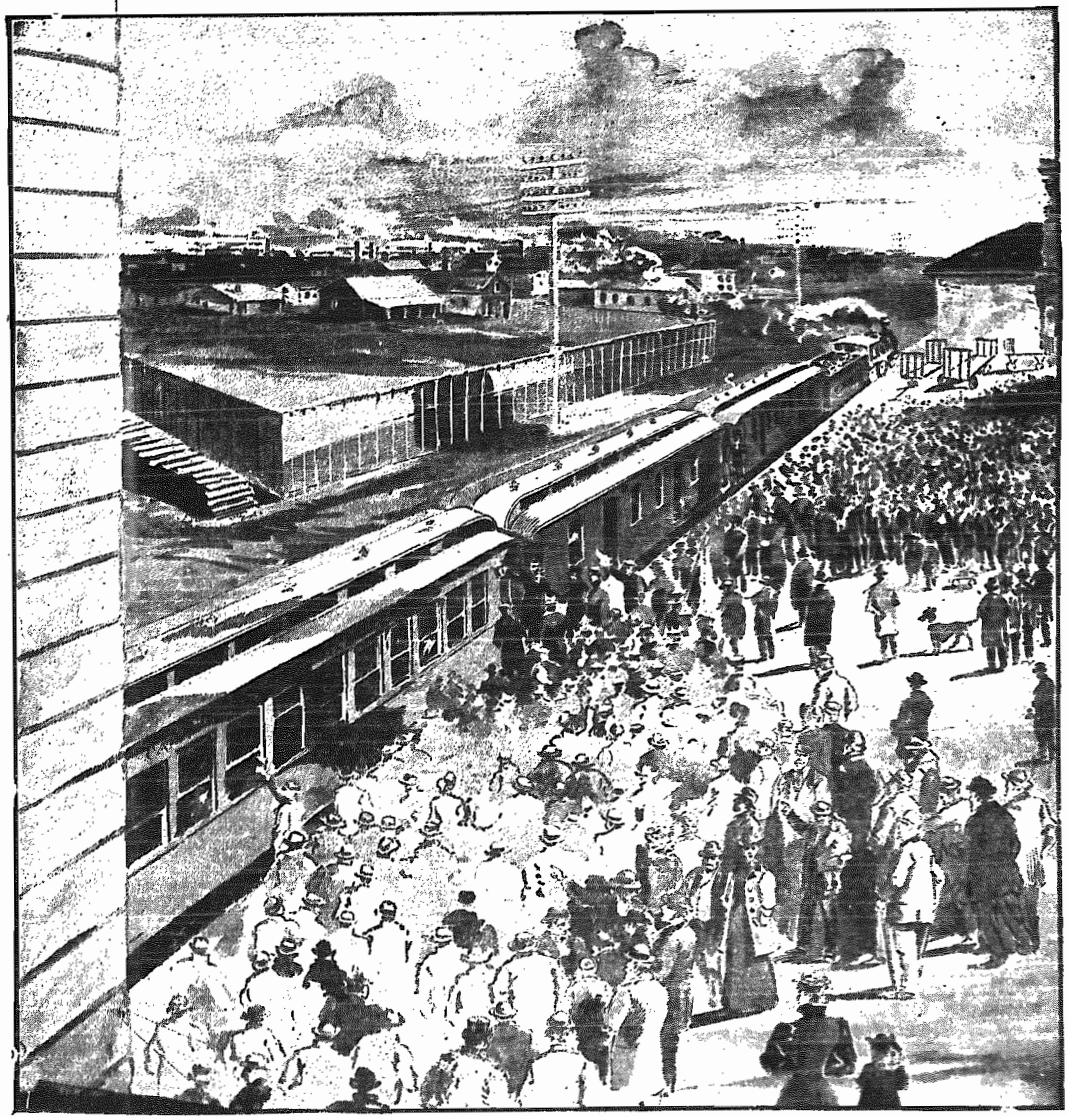
Massey Hall SALVATION FIGHT all Day Sunday, February 10th. Be there!

WAR CRY



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THE GENERAL'S WESTERN CAMPAIGN.



GOOD-BYE WINNIPEG.



There is no commentary upon the Holy Scriptures like a holy life.

The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts.

It is selfishness that gnaws holes in our memories.

It is a more hopeful sign to be too striving than too stagnant.

We cannot afford to slight the brook that ripples through our garden because it was not born amid the snow-crowned summits of the Rocky mountains.

The test which kills one man will strengthen another.

The devil is old and therefore knows many things. And if there is any one thing which he knows better than another, it is human nature.

How dare you go to God while cherishing that grudge against your brother?

The joy of the soul is the strength of the righteous.

Heaven in the soul is Christ's smile and the devil's frown.

Believing prayer soars higher than lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving-bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love."

Our troubles will take wing and fly the moment we give them to Christ.

God's mines are still full of gold for the man who is willing to hunt for it on his knees.

Faithfulness ought not merely to lead us to do great things for God's service, but whatever our hands find to do.

"Ask largely, that your joy may be full. The more we ask in faith, the better God likes it."

Preacher, is it bread or a stone you give the people?

The Wail of the Drunkard's Wife.



Ah, me! 'tis just twelve years to-day since we were wed,
My Jack and I; we were a handsome pair, they said,
I know Jack was how tenderly he'd kiss my brow,
I was the sweetest lass of all around, he'd vow.



A laborer at the Dundee Harbor lately dreamed that he saw four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean ones, the rear one being very blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil was to follow, as it has been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him; but his son, a sharp lad, who had heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man that keeps the public-house that you go to so often; the two lean ones are mother and me; and the blind one is yourself, father!"—*Scotch Magazine.*

RATS!

Blind and Otherwise.

The Light Brigade in Full Chase—Mrs. Box Makes a "Hit" With the Boxes—Those New Badges—The Over Officious Man and the Microscope—The Urchin Philosopher.

Every person, perhaps, is more or less a victim of nightmare and horrible dreams. It is not often we can make a solution of them, even if there be one. If we could, doubtless it would find its origin in some evil habit, or some ungovernable passion, as exposed by the worthy juvenile in our cartoon. Like Joseph's dream, perhaps, or Nebuchadnezzar's, a particular subject applying to the dreamer, so in the case of our illustration the dream was particularly applicable to that drunken father. But while the dream was such, the fact can be applied to thousands, not only in Scotland, but in our own fair Dominion. There are armies of blind rats—drunken fathers and mothers. Lean rats multiplied by hundreds in the homeless, foodless, shelterless, women and children from whom have been snatched the very necessities of life, with which to fatten the fat rat—the publican.

And what is the point of all this? The point, my friends, is, that certain evils exist and demand immediate treatment. The Army's Social efforts have declared their potency, in effectually coping with the vexed question of social misery. Our sphere is necessarily circumscribed through lack of men and money. We have a

Ours was a smart wee home, it was a cozy nest,
So trim and neat, for Jack he aye liked it best.
Of everything. In those far-off, bright, happy days,
How brave was Jack!—so kind and loving were his ways.

Ah! these were happy years; and as they came and went,
They brought us little rosebuds three, by kind Heaven sent;
How proud was Jack! How he'd caress each little face!
How fondly any, in each my features he could trace!

Poor Jack! Oh! I remember well how oft he took
My hand, and led me to their cot with wistful look;

few agencies at work for getting the latter. The former will come as a natural result as our sphere widens. One simple plan for getting financial help, yet capable of being a very effective one, is the Grace-before-Meat-Box Scheme.

Well Done, Seaforth.

A live agent here is the secret of the splendid result of the last quarter—seventeen dollars. We would respectfully ask a few of the large corps—Montreal in particular—to look at this, and as they ought) weep. Captain Creighton is getting things well in hand in the West Ontario Province. Captain Barr is getting the club thoroughly organized, while Captain Pugh continues to take the lead in making remittances. Adjutant Magee, being tall, is making long strides in following up his Eastern rival.

The Local Agents are doing their best, generally speaking. In one or two cases, an over officious gentleman with two rows of red braid, occasionally displays his relationship to the microscope by hindering the Local Agents instead of doing the opposite.

New Badges.

The Local Agents will, as far as possible, be commissioned as Sergeants, and will have a distinguishing badge. This will be a monogram L. A., which will be placed just above the stripes. It is probable, too, that a special commissioning of Local Agents will be made as the scheme develops. Mrs. Booth is very anxious that the Local Agents should have a distinct badge, and that their duties as L. A.'s should have the first and best attention. Stripes and badges can be got for twenty cents. Badge only, five cents.

SECRETARY.

How lovingly he'd stroke each shining, curling tress,
And fold each rosy dreamer with such tenderness!

And when the music of each prattling voice was still,
How sweet to sit together close, and talk our fill.

Of all glad things; then side by side to kneel and pray
That God would bless our home and be our Guide each day.

Dear Jack! I love him yet; he loves me too, I think,
But all the sunshine's fled our home—the cured drink
Has changed him so. Oh, God! to think that it should be
He loves the drink better than his wife and children three!

Ah! happy time! 'twas singing!
I went all day long;
Jack said it made him think of
Heaven to hear my song;
But tears came now, we wept—the little ones and me, we wept—the
They get no fond caresses now—
times changed be.

I mind he'd trace his fingers softly
through my hair,
He'd smile, and say the golden sun-
beams lingered there;
How white it grows! the brow he'd
kiss and say was fair,
Is furrowed now, the sorrow placed
the furrows there.

How noble then he looked! How glad—
Of his rich, manly voice, as round the
hearth we'd sing!
We and the little ones; the twilight
in his eyes
Glanced brighter than the stars in
winter evening skies!

Ah! how 'tis changed! A scowl sits
on his sunken brow,
The children's song is hushed, their
kiss and say was fair,
For his home-coming, with grief
tones, and oft-times worse,
Alas! to think that my Jack's dear
lips should breathe a curse!

Sometimes I quake with fear, and
tremble when he's by,
So terrible he looks. Lord, list Thy
handmaid's cry,
And make Jack sober, the dear Jack
of olden days,
Break Thou his chains and bring him
back to virtue's ways!

—David Moram Hood, Dundee, in
the "Social Gazette."

The Holiness Gating.

"Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. 12:14.

No soul can live in a justified life without seeing holiness. God practically commands us to be holy. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," I Peter, 1:16. We are exhorted to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on unto perfection.

God cannot take an un sanctified soul into Heaven. Heaven is a holy place. God is holy, the angels are holy, it is one eternal convocation of holiness there. The standard of fitness for entrance is entire purity of moral character. "And there shall no wise man enter into it anything that defileth." Rev. 21:27.

If the doctrine of holiness were universally believed by the Church of God, and solemnly regarded as the only standard of qualification or fitness for Heaven, I. e., no holiness, no Heaven, it would work a moral revolution in twenty-four hours, and usher a greater revival than that of Pentecost.

The word Holiness itself has a two-fold meaning. It means holiness; the state or quality of being holy, entire purity of moral character, freedom from all sin. It also means wholeness; the state of a thing hallowed or consecrated to God or His service. This two-fold thought is expressed by Paul in the same order to the Roman Christians, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Rom. 12:1.

Sanctification is the entire purification of the moral nature, or character; from sanctus holy, and factio to make; the divine act of making holy, hence "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you who also will do it." I Thess. 5, 23-24.

Some people regard holiness as all in Christ and not in themselves. They profess to be holy in Christ with a brood of vipers in them, such as anger, pride, self-will, etc. They think that God looks on them as holy, and that they are holy only through Christ, and by the merits of Christ, and not by the divine vision, and He cannot see the heart as it truly is. What rank absurdity!

NAAMAN.

Extracts from the Commandant's Bible Reading.

"HE SENT A LETTER TO THE KING."

Not the little maid said nothing who wrote about the King. It was the prophet she spoke of. There is a mighty distinction between a king and a prophet, the one is an earthly authority, the other an inspired agent. Now, don't go running to earthly authorities for your deliverance. They can help you little. Nothing less than inspiration will do for you—the voice of God.

"Departed, and took talents of silver, etc."

This was short-sighted folly. Did he suppose he was going to buy the cure for leprosy?

He should have sent the leper: that was all that was needed—the leper, in his poverty, and stink and sore. It was the leper himself that must be the offering.

Note, however, other gifts will all follow the gift of Naaman himself. No man gives his affections and not his hand; his heart, and not his treasure.

"That thou may'st recover him, etc."

He did not suppose that was possible, of course, but he made the mistake of supposing that prophets were subordinate to kings. He thought if he could buy the king, he could get the prophet. So, alas! is it supposed to-day, and not without reason. Do not mix with those who have to confess that earthly potentates are often the rulers of the very prophets in God's Israel? How much shaping of the Gospel, and cutting off the corners of unpleasant truth there is to feed the fancy of some wealthy citizen or some influential pew-holder. Alas! for the cases where the minister is subject to the millionaire.

"The King of Israel rent his clothes and said, 'Am I God to kill and to make alive?'"

He knew that leper-curing was God's business. Note how many made the mistake Naaman made. Put into modern expression, he sought temporal help for an incurable malady. You seek temporal aid for the cure of sin. You make resolutions, resort to contrivances, form new acquaintances, go in for gymnastics, and books and prayer sayings, and any number of new starts. You go to your earthly priests instead of looking to the Divine Saviour of your soul. How long will you be learning that help cometh alone from God?

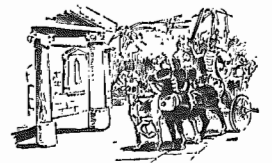
"Elisha went . . . Lot him come to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel!"

Note. A prophet, not a great man or an able physician, or a skillful teacher.

A Prophet,

that is, an inspired man, a God-testifying, God-fearing, God-possessed man; a prophet whose God is able enough to tackle leprosy.

"So Naaman came, with his horses and with his chariots, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha."



"So NAAMAN CAME WITH HIS HORSES AND CHARIOTS"

There is something very laughable in this leper putting on airs, bringing his horses and chariots and all the paraphernalia with which he was accustomed to gratify his senses, as if that could help matters in dealing

with the Most High. It was not his horses and chariots that were wanted, but his poor, leprous, foul-some self.

Some of you are just the same, you want to be saved in your own fashion. If horses and chariots could get you into the Kingdom, you would go in straight off. You want to go into Heaven as Elijah went. You make a mistake in supposing that your own contrivances will fix up the matter, instead of exclaiming,

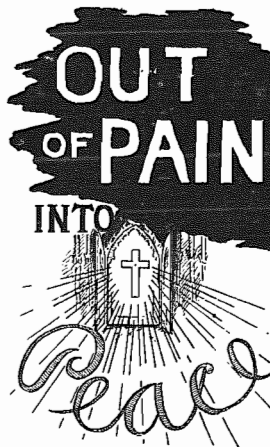
"Just as I am, without one plea,"

It is no good putting on airs, or trying to make terms with the Almighty. He knows you through and through. No isere performances ever did or ever will prevail with Him. You must be true if you would be good.

Just see the numbers of lepers there are going about, covered in broad-

cloth and satin; hidden behind excuses and professions. Think how many there are here who have been confronting themselves that they are "not as other men are," their piety, their education, their gentility, their refinement, etc. They don't swear, get drunk, or steal, at least they are not found out at it, but they are lepers for all that. Now, you have no occasion to come to the Lord with these moral trappings. He can do without them. If you are not as other men, it is because you were not born so. Had you been in their circumstances you would have been as bad as they; but under all your gorgeous exterior there is the loathsome pollution of leprosy. In the olden days, the leprosy law went about crying "Unclean! unclean!" Be done with your horses and chariots.

(To be continued.)



Sister M. Simpson

"JESUS ONLY."

Yes, Sister Simpson is at last safe with Jesus.

For several weeks she had been getting very weak, hovering between life and death, patiently waiting for the doctors to lower the ladder and "for the angels to carry her over."

It was a very tedious, suffering, waiting time, days full of pain and weariness, but last Saturday the words of the Master were heard by our glorified comrade, "It is enough, come up higher," and Sister Simpson passed from her bed of pain in the "Home for Incurables" to her mansion in the skies, prepared and all furnished, passed for ever into the presence of her King, Whom on earth so truly she loved and so faithfully served.

We shall never forget her life. The influence of her consecrated service will follow us, until we, too, come to the River's edge.

What a beautiful example she set, proving that "love finds a way!" Many would have felt it was impossible to do very much for God and the Army, in the straitened circumstances of our comrade, confined for years to one room in the "Home for Incurables," not able to lie on her back, nearly always in pain, yet our War Cry readers have sung her songs, and read her contributions with blessing and profit, and for those of us who knew the writer, they have double meaning and help.

Dear Sister Simpson! Looking into her dead, cold face last Monday, the words of the Master came so forcibly into our minds, and it seemed so applicable, "She hath done what she could." Instant in season, and out of season, always on the alert to do unseen for his Lord, never to push the claims of the Kingdom.

She had the true spirit of a soldier from the first moment of her enrolment on her bed by dear Mrs. Commandant Booth. Like our Army Mother, she loved the light and delighted to work for God. All her favorite songs were about War and Vic-

tory, never of cross-bearing and tears.

Arrangements were made for an Army funeral at "the Home." The patients and nurses gathered for the service, and when the coffin was brought in, and the first song given out, every heart was touched. After prayer by Sister Dickey, who tearfully prayed God for her safe home-going, Ensign Frith sang her requested song:

"Angels call the roll up yonder, Muster-day in Heaven proclaim; Call the roll, and at the summons, I will answer to my name."

Ensign Illits read the lesson, and a few words were said in reference to her shining life and peaceful death. Then our comrades and friends filed around for one last long look at the peaceful dead features. Very beautiful in death she looked, with her bright Army band round her head, and the Army shield on her breast.

As we followed the coffin to the grave, realizing that one by one our Army comrades are getting marching orders for Heaven, earnestly our hearts prayed that we all may be enabled to live for God and souls, to fill up the measure of our days with loving deeds of glad service and sacrifice, that through our lives in the Army, earth may be made brighter, hell poorer, and Heaven enriched by many, many blood-washed souls, who have been brought to God through the Army drum and flag. F. F.

MATHIASVILLE.—Brother E. Viden, who has suffered long with consumption, passed from this world of darkness and sin into Heaven, that country so bright and fair. This Brother died very happy in Jesus. There was only one thing he regretted, and that was that he had grieved the Holy Spirit of God. Some five or six years ago he was a good blood and fire soldier. Something came across his path which he allowed to upset him. For some years he had the experience of a backslider, and it is only two months ago since he returned to the fold. He died with a firm trust in God. He requested that the Army should bury him. A very large crowd was at the funeral. The Memorial Ser-

vice was a blessed time, and one soul saved.

He leaves a wife and three or four small children. Mrs. Viden, who is a sister to Ensign Wood, of San Francisco, got converted in a prayer-meeting we held at their home some six weeks ago.—Ensign Gideon Miller.

HANTS HARBOR.—The death-angel has taken from our midst our much-loved comrade, Sister Mrs. Pelly. She was one of the first soldiers of this corps, and was noted for her loyalty and heroism. She was the mother of nine children, and the first of the family to travel death's shady valley—but not alone. On the Friday previous to her death, we visited her and she gave a clear evidence of her acceptance with God. She will be missed by her family, friends, and neighbours. We gave her a real Army funeral: to it the greater part of the inhabitants attended. Some very thrilling testimonies were given around the open grave, of her life, and also of the help and blessing she had been. Sergeant Pelly made reference to their wedding day. From that time until death parted them there was

Never an Unkind Word

passed between them. At the memorial service, comrade stood to give their testimony, the arrow of conviction pierced many hearts. Two soldiers, Brothers Delbin and Brother Mitchell, said it was through her earnestness they were led to the Cross.—Capt. Butt.

PROMOTED!

Father Guthrie, of Hamilton.

It seemed incredible—that message borne on the wings of electric power, that "Father" (as he was familiarly called), had been summoned to the presence of the King, who had pronounced his earthly service finished, and presented him with a Crown of Life.

We had not heard of his illness, and not until the story of the two paralytic strokes had been told could we grasp the entire circumstances. Serving a customer in the market, and as he was putting the article into the basket, the gentleman asked the price. No answer. The enquiry being repeated, with the same result, and his hastily looking for a box to sit upon, told him that something was up. The doctor was sent for, who quickly discovered that the throat and vocal organs were paralyzed. In a day or two it shifted to his legs, and he was unable to walk. He recovered somewhat, and appeared to be getting on fairly well, when a second and worse attack struck him down, from which he was not to rally. Power of speech returned for a day or two, which the Master seemed to permit that his servant might have an opportunity of delivering a message of warning to some relatives and friends, for whose Salvation he longed, and also give some beautiful words of assurance to his wife and comrades.

"I shall leave you on Wednesday or Thursday," he said, at the beginning of the week. On Thursday evening the summons came, and "Father" joyfully answered the call.

Scores, if not hundreds, of Army officers, of all ranks, from Commissioned downwards, have been made the recipients of his kind hospitality, and many countries to-day have at least one constant testimony to his fatherly regard for the warriors of the Cross.

"Father" Guthrie had a wonderful career. Born in Canada, of Scotch parentage, he came to the Army in 1861. He kept a hotel at one time, and took a great delight in sporting matters, particularly horse-racing, and once was the owner of fast horses. Tiring of this, he started in business as a green grocer, and retired to a stall in the market. He followed this occupation up to the time of his death. He was among the first to enlist under the flag in Hamilton, and in the early days was a great blessing to the officers and the work to generals, as indeed he has been through all the years of his soldierhood.

(To be continued.)

Love in the heart thrives vigorously when secured to the love which flourishes in the heart of another. "We love Him, because He first loved us."

"How Shall we Escape if we neglect so Great Salvation?"

"Ye pe can't forsake God without sooner or later bringing trouble upon themselves. Sin and sorrow, sin and punishment sin and wretch-dress: sin and hell, are united here. You can't have sin without a little hell down here. A man cannot forsake and live away from God, forsake His commandments and reject the salvation which He wants him to have, in those troubles overtaking him."—THE GENERAL.

The Best Corps Reports for the Week.

MORRISBURG.—Crowds are increasing. Souls are convicted. War Cry goes like hot cakes. We entered one hotel, where a number of men were sitting. Asked them to buy a "Cry." "No," every one answered, but before leaving we disposed of six. A young lady and gentleman drove twenty miles to hear the Salvation Army. The lady was convicted for sanctification, but would not yield. She pronounced the meeting as being "so lovely." Farewell orders have come. Our officers are farreveling, and your correspondence is also leaving for the field.—Ettie Whiteaker.

OLD PERLAN.—Eleven died at the Cross. Beautiful new Barracks built and opened. Four more souls since. Sergeants and soldiers pleading for more of God. Four recruits enrolled. We have a kind-hearted lot of friends. Our Barracks is not large enough now. Some nights it's packed so that we have to keep the doors open to get air.—Captain Englund.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—Sunday morning, after kneading five Salvationists were plodding along towards home through a storm of wind and rain, when all of a sudden our attention was drawn to a poor, half-starved woman who had been in the open air all night. She was wet and hungry. Nobody seemed to care for her. She was then starting out to walk five miles to another town for shelter. We talked the matter over, and arranged for two of the comrades to have her to their home and get her something to eat and dry her clothes. So in a short while she was seated beside a cheerful fireside. Had these five stayed tucked in their cosy beds, this poor soul might have died on her way. Oh, soldiers of Jesus, make the most of your time. "The night cometh when no man can work."—Lieut. Thompson.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Since Captain Green came to the command of our corps, we have had thirty-six converts and backsliders forward. Our beloved General has visited us. The streets were thronged with people of town and country.—Sergt. L. Fugue.

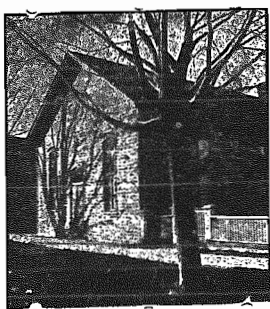
NEPAWA.—Some of our soldiers came home from Winnipeg, where they had been attending our General's meetings. They came back filled with the Holy Spirit. Said to say, Captain Hewitt has been very sick, and Captain Jarvis ordered to another part of the battle. So we were alone with God, but He blessed us by giving us two souls for a clean heart, and one for Salvation.—Peter Graham.

GRAND BANK.—Victory! One sister, after spending eleven nights at the Mercy-Sect, last night was liberated.—C. O. H.

VICTORIA, B. C.—War in this Western City. Several have sought and found cleansing and Salvation. Splendid week-end, with one soul in the Fountain. The War Cry is being boomed.—Annie Kelly, S. C.

OMNIBUS.—At Ensign Ayre's farewell we enrolled fourteen recruits. Also commissioned a full complement of Sergeants. Three souls this week.—Captain Huxtable.

PEMBROKE.—One sister knelt at the Cross and got beautifully saved through hearing a Scotch chorus sang at a dedication service. Ensign Combs was presented with farewell address. Three souls saved. Since then a backslider returned.—Captain Carter.



CLINTON BARRACKS, NICELY KALSO MINED AND FRESCUED RECENTLY BY A SOLDIER.

CLINTON.—(Clipped from a local paper) "About ten years ago the Army first made its appearance in our town, in the person of Captain Banks, a newly arrived English lassie, who had and will always have a hearty welcome here. One of the first captures she made was our old friend, Colonel Van Edmond, now 85 years of age, who resides about two miles east, is still a faithful adherent and standard-bearer for the corps. He was born on the retreat of the French Army from Moscow, his father being a colonel in that army. He claims Clinton as the place of his second birth by the grace of God, when over seventy years old. Seven officers have been promoted from this



Clinton Town Hall, where Captain Banks (Mrs. Ensign Maltby) First Opened Fire Ten Years ago.

corps, and many soldiers have moved from here and are now scattered north and south, some even in California, now helping to start other corps to roll the old chariot along. The collection about a dollar a week is not large enough to tempt any but God-fearing and soul-loving persons to enter the arduous and self-denying services of the Army; but they are laboring in a good cause, and the success and kindness they meet with in a great measure makes up for the smallness of their salary. Lately the Barracks was cleaned and attractive, collections being taken up which fully met the expense of the improvements.

HALIFAX I.—Visit from Brigadier Jacoby, who was here as the Commandant's representative at Sir John Thompson's funeral. —Sergeant-Major Casbin.

RENFREW.—Farewell visit from Ensign Combs. We wish him every blessing. Ensign sang the doxology on the nice march we had. I never heard it sung on the march before. It was first-rate.—Lieut. Nyland.

RAPID CITY.—Just returned from General's meetings at Winnipeg. One sin-soldier soul has found deliverance.—Lieut. Meline.

BAY ROBERTS.—Sunday night in the testimony time, three backsliders came right from the end of the hall. After a hard struggle two got free. The other is still earnestly seeking. Three more prisoners for God.—Capt. Ebsary.

PARRY SOUND.—God is with us in this little town. Two have sought and found the Saviour.—J. Beckett. **WATERLOO.**—Adjutant Magee here for the week-end. Good times. One soul at the outpost.—Gillmans. Praise God for the droppings.—Lieut. Bradford.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Happy Jim Miller with us. Seven souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah to Jesus! —Ethel Poole.

Newcastle, N. B.—Captain and Mrs. Bowring and Florrie farrevelled and went West. Next Captain Young, from the Land of Evangeline, arrived, and the Kingdom of God is being built up. Some wanderers have returned.—Secretary.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Seven precious souls knelt at the pentimento, and arose with the blessed knowledge of sins forgiven. Glorious

rades were there fresh from kneading to welcome us. One for Salvation and one for a clean heart. The prodigal meeting went grandly. At Twillgate Captain Gosling was in the midst of a revival. Two sisters pleaded for mercy as the old year passed away.—Ensign Gooby.

BRIDGEWATER.—A sister sought Jesus. She was on the platform and testified at night. The Jubilee Band with us, also Ensign Alward. Finished with coffee-supper, and a backslider returned.—Pauline, A. Soldier.

PARKDALE RESCUE HOME.—We are just rushed with work, which is delightful. We have twenty girls, and ten babies. I am more and more in love with the work, with Jesus, and with our dear Army.—Ensign Illies.

PICTON.—Two more souls. Several have placed their all on the altar. One sister, deeply impressed, refused to yield, but hovered round the Barracks after most had left. At last she returned, and the seven remaining prayed with her, and she went home rejoicing.—A. O. K.

Edmonton Corps is marching on. Doing all they can; Making sinners see their need Of a full Salvation. No cross is too hard to bear; Though tough the fight may be; Our motto is one motto from Now until eternity.

Christ is our example; Of Him our song shall be; Redeeming in His power to give Pardon, full and free! Sinner, 'til for thee! —Lieut. Hurst.

PICTON.—D. O. and wife to the front; all officers and soldiers dressed in Hindoo costume. Nice crowd in spite of inclement weather.—A. O. K.

MIDLAND.—Cutting wood. Got enough cut for the winter now. Thank God for plenty of wood if not much money. But we want souls most.—Lieut. Slater.

NORTHERN DISTRICT, NEW-FOUNDLAND.—Brother and Sister soldiers made one at Morton's Harbor. School progressing. Comrade building new barracks and new quarters. Being near the woods, the singing of the birds will be enjoyed very much.

PELLEY'S ISLAND.—Bro. Blackmore and Sister Ross united at Triton. A nice crowd of converts, who will make good soldiers. Harry's Harbor, Lieut. Hiseek in charge.

PORT PERRY.—Grand times. Nine souls since we came. Seven o'clock march to wake up the devil.—Captains Stanforth.

MIDLAND.—Storms too severe all day on Sunday to hold meetings. The vicissitudes of an officer's life in this northern country are many. The scenery is most picturesque. It takes and woods add to the beauty of the place, which snow is three and four feet deep everywhere. Lumbering and farming are the chief features. Many are the acts of self-denial here, unknown and unnoticed by mortal eye. But God is a close observer. I recently held a meeting at Brother Smith's. What a happy family!—Captain Lewis.

PARIS.—We claimed God's promise, and the result was four souls. That makes twelve since coming here. Others concerned. The Rev. Mr. Bolton, Congregationalist, with us.—Capt. Whealan.

"Trouble must, sooner or later, be the result of forsaking God. You may not see any signs of it at the present moment. The stream of time may be clear and fresh now, the sky may be clear and bright overhead, and the birds may be singing on the banks, the flowers may be sending forth their fragrance, and you may not see any signs of all this misery, but somewhere, far away, if you will only look carefully, you will see, perhaps, a cloud, and that cloud will grow bigger and bigger, until your whole sky will be dark, and the lightning will flash, and the thunder will roar, and you will be swept away in the mad current to have nothing but trouble forever and forever. 'Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him, but to the wicked, it shall be ill with him,' are the words of the prophet."—THE GENERAL.

Latst Despatches

FROM THE National Centres.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The General will visit India and Ceylon in the course of a few months.

The dates, character and extent of the campaign are engaging the attention of the Chief of the Staff and Foreign Secretaries.

Commissioner Railton has been appointed to commence Army operations in Spain.

Major and Mrs. Evans, late of the International Headquarters' Staff, have left London for Gibraltar, where they will commence Army operations.

Several properties are under consideration for a Walls' and Strays' Home.

Two new Shelters are to be opened at the earliest possible moment, one at High Barnet for men, and one at Glasgow for women.

Staff-Captain Margaret Allan, after her tour in India, is again able to resume the editorship of the "Deliverer."

Colonel Nicol has the general direction of the "Deliverer" in future. Mrs. Bramwell Booth will act as consultative editor.

SPAIN.

Commissioner Railton has had an attack of rheumatism.

The Commissioner has opened a room to warm poor and cold pedestrians.

BELGIUM.

Brigadier Tait has visited the Chief-of-the-Staff at International Headquarters with proposals to considerably enlarge the Shelter recently opened in Brussels.

Major Reid opened a new corps at Antwerp with encouraging success.

U. S. A.

Salvation Army Home. Work of Rescue inaugurated in the wicked city, Chicago, Jan. 24. The first Rescue Home of the Salvation Army in Chicago was opened this afternoon by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, the wife of Commander Booth. The establishment is located in one of the worst quarters of the city, where its field for work is unlimited. The home is in charge of a woman who has had several years' experience in the New York Rescue Home, which establishment has proved of such incalculable help to the fallen that the Salvation Army has determined to establish similar institutions in other cities—Winnipeg Tribune.

THE AUXILIARY LEAGUE. Up to date the Auxiliary League numbers 4,087 members. Among the most recent prominent personages to thus show their sympathy with our movement is the world-renowned preacher Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston.

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY AND BRIGADIER MUSA BIAI AT BASLE. Splendid soul-inspiring meetings at Basle, led by Commissioner Booth-Tucker and Brigadier Musa Bhai. Sixty for holiness; ten for salvation in afternoon, and twelve at night.

The Marchale has concluded her magnificent eleven months' campaign at Hohen. She is now forced to take rest. The hall is crowded nightly.

AUSTRALIA.

Colonel Bailey has faredwell from New Zealand and is appointed to take charge of Southern Australia under Commissioner Ooms.

Brigadier William Hoskin and Major Albert Bruntnell, both of whom are brilliantly successful officers, have been appointed to the first and second positions respectively in New Zealand.

Ensign Micky Hayman, the South African dwarf, has arrived in New Zealand.

The new Melbourne Headquarters is in a good position in the city, and within a hundred yards of the Victorian Parliament House.

A striking evidence of the federal spirit between the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, in the recent interchange of officers, is that many New Zealanders, including Staff and Field Officers, numbering in all over thirty, have gone to Australia, and an equal number have left Australia for the Maori.

INDIA.

Colonel Jai Bhai. It is rumored, will not now be the pioneer Salvation Army Officer in Japan.

Colonel Jai Bhai's health is so unsatisfactory that the Colonel has been obliged to accept an offer from the Chief of the Staff of two months' absolute rest before he proceeds to England to see the General, the Chief and the Foreign Secretaries.

BISHOP THOBURN, IN THE "INDIAN WITNESS," says: "If this world is ever to be converted to God a generation of Christians must rise up who are willing, not only to give a fourth of all their income for God's cause, but to give the whole of it. Devotion must be absolute. This is really the Christian rule, and it is a marvel that intelligent Christians all over the world have been wrestling so desperately during the past century in attempts of various kinds to modify the rule. The conversion of the world would become a very easy task if it were undertaken in the pentecostal spirit. I could easily lay my hand on a dozen men—members of the Church to which I, myself, belong—who could take the whole missionary work of their Church in hand and carry it forward with double the vigor which it now possesses, if they only felt as much interest in the cause as they should do, and realized that they are in this world for the sole purpose of accomplishing the will of Him who died for them."

THE ABOVE is a most serious charge for a great Methodist to make against the great Methodist Church. We repeat it, however, because it occurs to us that it is partly true of us Salvationists.

THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD is a responsibility which lies right four-square on the shoulders of the Church of Jesus Christ, and whoever is born of the Spirit is directly responsible to do what he can to obtain that glorious end. We were discussing this subject recently with one of our most spiritual, successful and intelligent officers, and were amazed to hear from this officer's lips the admission, "I have thought very little about it."

NOW, THIS SHOULD not, and must not be so. This primal responsibility must be brought home to the hearts and consciences of the people of God. We ought to have people offering themselves, or their money, or their children to this work and saying, "Here we are, General, take us, at once us on the very outworks of Christ's great battlefield." Oh, how applicable, now, are the words of Christ, "I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

The GENERAL

IN TORONTO

February 7th to 12th.

As long as a man is kept busy for God, the devil never knows just where to find him.

Territorialisms

LIEUTENANT CARLETON, of the Social Reform Branch, Toronto, received a telegram notifying him of the death of his father at Tweed, Ont. Our brother had not seen him for seven years, and was not aware of his illness or anything of the sort. Will the readers of the War Cry remember him at the Throne of Grace?

SAYS DR. T. F. BROWN, of Otterville, Ont., in a recent letter:

"Dear Brigadier Holland: A telegram this morning from Major Morris, Newfoundland. Mrs. Morris has a fine, fair, fat baby boy, Sunday, Jan. 13th. I trust that this young soldier's visit to the island in its distress will bring joy and gladness the balance of its life to some of its inhabitants. Yours in love of life and truth,

MRS. and MR. T. F. BROWN."

We heartily congratulate Major and Mrs. Morris.

THE GENERAL is in much better health.

THE HORIZON OF TORONTO HEADQUARTERS' toil was cheered for a brief hour or two by the appearance of the Commandant, who paid a hurried visit to the city on general business matters of importance.

MRS. BOOTH continues very far from well, being still unable to join the General and the Commandant on the tour, as had been previously intended.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND returns from London with glowing reports of good times with the General, and various stirring items of news.

THE GENERAL INSPECTED the London Shelters, both the Men's and the Women's Departments. This newest Social venture is succeeding even beyond our expectation.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. MARGETTS, who have both been on the sick list, are, we rejoice to say, getting better fast.

A LARGE PROPERTY in the centre of Vancouver has been offered us. Its purchase is under consideration by Commandant.

SHELTERS FOR VICTORIA, VANCOUVER AND WINNIPEG, are all shaping within the range of possibility. Citizens, both civic and otherwise, are pressing us to extend our sphere of Social operations in their directions.

THE CONTEMPLATED STAFF CHANGES have been postponed for a few weeks, with one or two exceptions.

A heartily enjoyed and most successful musical meeting was led by Major Compain, at the Temple. Major Beart, Major Streeter, and Major Fry were present, also the Temple Band.

Major Fry, presiding at a Yorkville meeting, had the joy of seeing four souls at the Cross.

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT is kept constantly busy with many outside orders, the more we become known. The printing and publishing hands are kept close at it, all the time. The dress-making also is picking up well, and another hand obliged to be taken on.

BRIGADIER JACOBS has opened a fine new Barracks at Frederick, N. B. The "Frederick Daily Gleaner," which kindly devotes considerable space to the event, states that the local corps was to raise \$550 for the barracks; headquarters would supply the balance from the property fund, a sum reaching a fraction over \$3,000, on the agreement that the corp would pay a weekly rental of a dollar into the property fund of the army. The Brigadier has pleased to announce that already

\$811 of the \$550 had been raised by the local corps.

Captain Lois Holman, of Nanapanee, was married to Captain Lawrence Peers, of Montreal II, at Montreal I on the 1st January, 1895, by the Rev. Mr. Silcox.

ENSIGN ARCHIBALD, writing from the Salvation Army District Headquarters, B. C., says:

In answer to your request I have sent you some views of B. C. I trust that they arrived all safe, and that they will prove of great interest in illustrating our General's visit to the coast.

Soul saving is reviving all along the battle front.

The General was full of inspiration and blessing.

A vast field of work, so far untamed lies before our Army in this country. 50,000 Indians, the majority of whom are unconverted, are crying out for the Army. Thousands who settle in the mountains, and north of us, who never hear the name of Jesus, except in oaths and blasphemy, the year round, need a Saviour.

Here, indeed, is a field for hard work through sanctified flesh and blood.

Our motto for '95, "Go straight for souls."

Now I must close. Don't forget us at your 12 o'clock kn-t-it in the Temple. May God abundantly bless you.

"FIFTY THOUSAND INDIANS"

"Thousands who settle in the mountains and north of us."

Adjutant Archibald re-echoes another "call."

"The fields all are rippling
And far and wide,
The world now is waiting
The Harvest-day.
But reapers are few,
And the work is great,
And much will be lost,
Should the Harvest wait."

How is it that our young men do not volunteer by the thousand?

We sing, "The world for God," but do we individually realize and accept our responsibility in the matter? Wake up! Brothers.

I AM A GREAT BELIEVER IN THE SALVATION ARMY BIG DRUM, and I have a special predilection for the snare drum. I think every corps in the United States ought to have a drum corps, even if it cannot afford many brass instruments. All the same, in the matter of drumming there should be wisdom and moderation.

Now, I have heard of corps where the practice is to drum throughout the meetings. They drum at the first song and the second song, and they drum through every chorus, and the drumming sometimes is so loud that it drowns the chorus and prevents the words of warning, inspiration or invitation being heard by the people. Don't do this. It is very nice to have the drum at the first song. It is very nice to have it keep time of the lively, rattling choruses, and I can assure you it is all the more appreciated when it is not kept up so incessantly.

Again, teach your drummer to modulate his drumming. The drum can be played softly as well as loudly, and it certainly does not need as energetic a thumping in your little halls as it does out in the streets amid the din of the traffic.

Now, I do not like these remarks and go to the opposite extreme. Do not lay the drum away and allow dust and cobwebs to accumulate upon it. It will be a sad day for the Salvation Army when its drum is stilled, and our noisy, energetic measures are replaced by propriety and deadness. Mrs. Ballington Booth in the New York City.

Toronto Campaign,

February 7th to 12th.



WE THANK GOD AND YOU.

The General is in surprisingly good health, considering the outrageous program of work he has engaged in the last six months, and while we praise God for His goodness in sustaining His servant, we cannot but add our thanks to the people of God throughout Canada and Newfoundland who, in conjunction with our own forces, have maintained interest on his behalf at the Throne of Grace.

"Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love."

LIFE—THEN ACTION.

"We deepen internally and grow externally." Such are the concluding words of an editorial in the British War Cry in concluding some references to the Chief-of-the-Staff's meeting for spiritual advancement amongst the Departments in the International and Social Headquarters.

We note with gladness this statement, and it will be well for us all to ask ourselves the question if we personally are getting more root as well as outward foliage.

Our activities are acceptable to God and genuinely beneficial to mankind if they spring from the living Christ within us, and are, as the old Anglican Liturgy puts it, "beginning, continued, and ended in Thee," but it will be found dry and chaffy to seek to work for God without being filled with the Spirit. Oh, for more work for Christ which comes from a mightier inworking and outflow of the Divine fulness. Hear the Divine Word, "He that believeth on Me, out of him shall flow rivers of living water."

OUR MISSIONARY VITALITY.

One of the best and healthiest signs in the Salvation Army of to-day is the missionary zeal which inspires it, from its General downwards.

The General, in conversation with the representative of a Western State's newspaper, is recently, referring to a letter he was at that moment writing: "This is going to the Chief-of-the-Staff to tell him to send officers to Japan, war or no war." That was grand expression. It was worthy of the man, the organization, and the living opportunity of the hour.

Ten thousand Salvation hearts will beat, and 10,000 lips will repeat "amen" to such an expression — because of its significance. It shows the trend of Army aspiration; it points with unerring finger to the glorious fact of our kinship with Jesus Christ, who groined out His life for these lost millions; it assures every living, loving, loyal heart in the great Salvation Army Empire that we are not settling down into the stagnated inconsistency of nourishing our own little circle and leaving the outside world to perish.

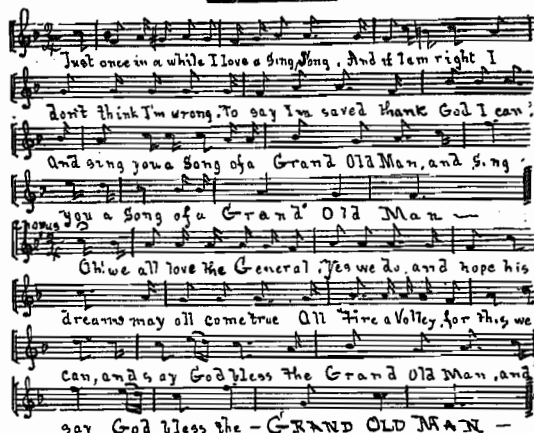
The command of the Great Master is "Go ye," and it is questionable if a man can be a consistent follower of Jesus Christ unless he obeys that command or else supports those who do.

Go on, General! We, your helpers on the Press of the Salvation Army, who voice the heart-throbs of the officers and soldiers, say "Go on!" We read with delight of Japan, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Spain, Gibraltar, Iceland, Java, Fiji, and other places being or soon to be attacked, and we pray that this year—1906—may witness the mightiest world-wide Salvation advance ever chronicled since the ascension of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May Jehovah prosper us and grant it. Amen!

THE FIRE CHIEF'S DEATH-SACRIFICE.

The flag flaps high-mast high in the frosty, blue atmosphere above the

WE ALL LOVE THE GENERAL.



Some people seem to say that they love the poor,
If this be true I am not sure;
As a rule we give him the key of the street,
And leave the Grand Old Man to set him on his feet.

Some people hate the drunks—those horrible things!—
Still they have souls, as precious as king's;
All the world over it is rum, bum, scam,
But they change somehow behind the Army's drum.

Some people say the General is after the tin,
That after all this is our leader's sin;
Let the Grand Old Man just explain himself,
What if he spends it on the man you've stuck on the shelf.

Once upon a time he gave me a lift,
And taught me, somehow, for myself to shift;
You may be the next, my friend, to apply,
Then take off the kid and a good clap try.

Toronto City Fire Hall. There seems a pathetic droop in its folds that speaks to every passer-by. The whole population is stirred with a thrill of admiration for this fallen hero, who risked and lost his life for the safety of the city. The funeral of the Chief of the Fire Department is taking place at the moment of writing.

Chief Ardagh—whose photo appeared in a recent War Cry—succumbed suddenly to heart-failure, the result of injuries received during his noble hand-to-hand encounter with the fierce, destroying element at the great "Globe" fire. Our profoundest sympathies are with the dear ones left to mourn his loss.

PROPOSED NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN THE SOCIAL REFORM BRANCH IN BRITAIN.

In the Social Annual, entitled "Work in Darkest England," just prepared by the Chief-of-the-Staff, several new, attractive and highly desirable developments of the Social Wing are outlined as follows:

The Chief desires to at once open a comfortable Shelter for boys and their livelihood on the streets. Such are the newspaper, bag-carrying and match-boys; "Touts" who call cabs; "Tollers," who carry messages between those who do not, for various reasons, desire to show themselves in public-houses or lighted thoroughfares; crossing-sweepers, boot-blackers, errand-boys, who gain a precarious living in connection with the great markets, and boys, who like men when out of employment find life so very hard with them indeed.

As matters now stand, many youths and very young girls are driven to the music-halls and drinking saloons simply because they have no place of any kind to sit down in. Many a young man in fairly paid employment, living in lodgings, is compelled to take the young woman he desires to marry to places he would never dream of visiting if anything better was available.

The appointment of an officer to every Police Court in London. He is to be a married man, whose wife can aid in dealing with the women. Much preventive work is expected from this appointment.

Additional Shelters for men and women. Accommodation is needed for 3,000 more men and women.

A Retreat for men of the educated and upper classes who have through drink, vice or misfortune lost all.

It is also proposed to extend the Free Labour Bureau, and to reclaim more land, and aim at employing one thousand men on the Farm Colony.

"ONE-THIRD INCREASE

this year," is the motto in the American Salvation Army circles, just as "Action" is in Canada. Prosperity to their effort.

Major W. H. Cox, in a leader on the "One-third" proposition, says: "It is but natural that the One-Third Increase suggestion of the Commander's should be an object which at the present time is exciting the enthusiasm of Salvationists of all grades. A description of what an advance this will mean, with the plans for achieving the same, will afford sufficient material for a book. And why not have a book on the subject? We will also a great special number of the War Cry, filled full of "One-Third" material written with the truthness and power which characterize the Commander's own pen."

It would appear from the above that our brethren in the States will limit our own Commander's perception of the original idea of having a whole "Cry" devoted to the program of their proposed advance.

COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

Commissioner Railton, so the latest report states, has engaged a room to

The Very Latest Telegraphic News. THE GENERAL Still Mightily Blessed in CAMPAIGNING.

London, Ont.—Crushing reception Saturday night, in which snowstorm joined. Barracks crowded. Sunday morning General straight on Holmes. Fourteen at the penitentiary. Afternoon at the Opera House, filled from the pit to the gods, men only. Specially stirring and suitable address, with unbroken interest. Two thousand congregation at night Salvation meeting. General felt the importance of the occasion and adjured sinners to decide. Obstinate refusal, but God conquered in three hours. Social meeting to-night; splendid scale; Methodist Church. Mayor in the chair. The General brilliant, convincing, and victorious. Judge Elliott hoped the scheme might be given a fair trial. The General responded, attributing the success of the Army in the Dominion to the Commandant, his predecessors, and our present officers.

warm poor and cold pedestrians. We hope this effort of a social nature may find an entrance to the hearts of the Spaniards; anyway, it is an excellent example for us. Why can we not open our Barracks for a similar purpose? Well warmed and supplied with a stock of good books and newspapers, our halls would afford shelter, and keep from perishing hordes many a poor fellow during these keen, frosty days.

What is the good of a Barracks closed up?

This reminds us of a sad story of an ex-drunkard who shot himself in a Western City some time ago. In a letter to his poor mother, which was found in the death-grasp of his other hand, he was "tired of life." He was trying to reform, and went a long distance to hear John G. Woolley, the eloquent and earnest Prohibition worker, but was too early, and the Church was shut. The passer-by, too, seemed too busy to speak, and so he ended his life because, as he said, "The Church was shut, and no place but the saloon was open and able to afford 'im a welcome."

LEUTENANT DAVIDSON has promised us news immediately the Icelandic attack is commenced.

MR. BENEDICT HALL, a Methodist friend, who is also an Icelandeer, seeing the account in our recent "Cry" of Dr. David H. H. Hall, called in the "War Cry" Office to make further enquiries. Mr. Hall says the Army "will get on fine" in Iceland, that "Icelanders believe in God, are a good-hearted, honest, and God-fearing people, amongst whom there is little crime, and no rough crowds like we get here."

TORONTO CAMPAIGN,

February 7th to 12th.

General Booth is one of the most unique figures in modern history. In many respects he is the most eminent and influential moral leader of his time. He has done more than any living man to bring the Gospel of Salvation to the outcast class and to the religion a practical help and a ready redemptive agency to the common people. The Salvation Army, modeled at and abused, persecuted and misjudged, is the most potential organized force in the modern life of all civilized countries, and it is distinctly his creation.—Joseph Murray.



FOR THE VICTORIES WE ARE WINNING
THROUGH THE BLOOD.

THE GENERAL'S WESTERN TOUR.

H WESTERN CROWD. — Messengers from the Calgary depot bringing in news of still further delay. A soldiers' meeting was contemplated for the evening. But this getting wind, a great crowd collected, followed the march, and were admitted to the Barracks, which they more than filled. To a man of more nervous temperament than Colonel Lawley, the lead of such a meeting would have been a cross. Not so to our poet and prayer-meeting leader. When he laid the foundation of a splendid appeal to the unshaken by altering the words, "Remember me," a wild laugh rang from two hundred strong throats. The Colonel smiled. "God bless you," he said. "I didn't mean myself; do with me what you like. I don't care a button. I was thinking of a Bible 'Remember me,' uttered by a dying thief to a dying Jesus." Faces sobered, and a hush crept over the hall, and there was no more lightness for the next quarter of an hour. The Colonel got a grip upon their hearts, and did with them pretty much as a zeemester does with his tools.

There were a few women present—the

"Precious Community"

is not abundant out here; and it was with real respect the Westerners listened to Mrs. Major Read's farewell, cheerful, loving words.

Every good point was approved by a universal whistle, no matter who the speaker or singer, and we seldom enjoyed a meeting more. We got to the penitential form. A man was prevailed upon to come out, amidst much good-natured applause and shouts of "Stick to it this time." When he rose to his feet, another struggle, and No. 2, with head down, strode out. "Bless God for this dear brother," remarked Mrs. Major Read. "I did not know whether he has ever been out before." "Yes." (Laughter and whistling.) "Two hundred times!" And this was chorused.

"Well," another officer reminded them, "Some of you haven't had the place to come once. Our strange congregation appreciatively whistled out this 'score.' Indeed, it is characteristic of the Westerner, that the harder you hit them the better they like you. So when we had finished up in jubilee fashion, they followed us to the doors with the kindest of smiles and the most bountiful 'good-nights.'"

"Train will arrive from the West 5.15 a.m.," read the bulletin at the depot. So we got into bed and vainly tried to delude ourselves into sleep,



"1 A.M.—IN THE CAMP."

which would not come. We got more refreshment out of a 4 o'clock cup of tea. We were all at the depot in good time, too, to wait another hour! Eventually a train steamed into the station—not the one, for it was somewhere in the Rockies, struggling vainly to get through seven miles of snow-slide—and we steamed out just forty hours later than we had programmed for! Owing to this, poor Regina, the capital city of the North West Territories, was entirely blotted out of the General's presence. Not only meetings were to have been held here, but an interview with the Government was arranged. The General, the Commandant, and Mrs. Read deeply regretted the stern necessity, for though we have no corps in Regina, we have some warm friends.



ONE OF THE THIRTEEN.

Brandon's Brands.

A FEW OF THEM.

A Smiling Brand.

"I've enjoyed myself," and the General smiled, while the audience before him be stood, cheered and volleyed their satisfaction. This was the conclusion of the campaign.

Wheat and War Brand.

In 1891 the site of the city was virgin prairie, Assiniboine river flowed majestically onward through the broad, rich valley, and not an echo of civilization was to be heard. A.D. 1895, Brandon is the centre of the great wheat belt, with a four or five thousand population, and with the population has come the Salvation Army, and with a sturdy little corps of thirty-nine soldiers, and an energetic little District Officer, Ensign Goodwin, who is justifying her name, assisted by Captain Turner and two

Cadets from the Brandon Corps. Three other corps, and 40 some outposts are D. O'd by the Ensign.

The General's Brand.

A fine little company of far-encased Salvationists waited to catch the earliest possible glimpse of their expected General, who arrived about 1 p.m. "Herald" parties, two cornets and a drum in one instance, a fiddle and two or three lassie singers in another—at once proceeded to perambulate the town, sandwiching their bouqs with "General Booth is here."

"He will speak at the Market Hall at 3 o'clock."

This Hall and Opera-house-all-in-one speedily crowded. Mottoes bespeaking the prevailing sentiment. Over the gallery front was suspended,

Brandon's Hope Realized,

while for each of the party was hung a heart-shaped motto on the side walls: "Welcome Commandant," "We greet you, Colonel Lawley," "God bless you, Major Read," "God speed you, Captain Taylor."

But little time was spent in preliminaries. The General sailed straightway into the smoke of battle, and fired broadside after broadside into the enemies of God and souls.

"I talk to the porters and the coachmen, as to how they are getting on in their souls. Some times they say, 'As well as I can.' If you are doing that, God asks nothing else, but are you? What is the good of a man having ten thousand dollars in the bank and not knowing it is there? And what is the good of saying you have the grace of God in your heart, except you feel and know it is there?"

"This grace will manifest itself in service. It must do so. I should feel

A Thief and a Robber

If I kept back my life or my lips or my feet from His blessed service. In the struggle between King Charles and the Parliament at the time when the monarch was driven into a corner for men and money, and in an almost despairing state, aristocrats or the big farmers would come to him and say, 'We understand your Majesty is in difficulties; we have sold our lands and have come to your aid with horses and swords, and we will fight and die for you.' God wants as complete a service as that.

"If I had a son, and he came and said, 'Father, I am quite willing that I should have my share of your riches, and make all I can out of you when you are dead,' I should say, 'John, you are very much mistaken. If you think you have a father of that sort.' How must God feel about this holding back, these reservations that are killing your soul. We say,

"Don't Kill Yourself,

God has something better than that, get properly saved. (Volley.) Then when things and circumstances are at their worst, you can face the devil and say, 'Wait a bit, old man, we shall soon be through this gale, and then there will be sunshine and gladness again. (Laughter and volley.)

Very quaintly the General defined the sort of religion he pressed for acceptance—the kind that evoked from the sneering, scoffing, indifferent world, "I believe in God because of Jounce, and Brown and Robinson!"

"Do you enjoy this sort of religion? Do you possess God?" he concludingly asked. "If you could get a cow through the gates of Heaven and right before the Throne of God, it would want to get out—especially if there were more hay outside than in. Why? Because it is an animal. That is rather an extravagant comparison, but if you could get a sinner into Heaven, he would want to bolt. He doesn't want God there any more than he did here. If God doesn't make a man's Heaven here, He won't there."

"Since I came to this Continent, how many people have sat down and told me that, although they had everything the world could give, they were miserable, because they had not obeyed God. And they have wanted me to guide them to a way to be happy without obeying Him. Impossible!"

The attention was wonderful, but the General went to more tangible evidence of fruit; yet, the penitent form remained vacant.

We were not discouraged, least of

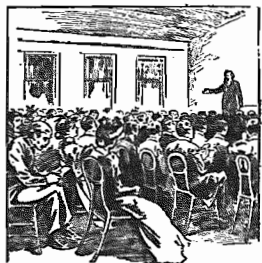
it the General.

A thousand people poured into the

Hall at night, and two hundred more tried to, but couldn't.

(There Were no Babies.)

An ingenious thought had got an insertion into the papers that their presence could really be dispensed with for once.



THE GENERAL SAILED STRAIGHTWAY INTO THE SMOKE OF BATTLE.

"From the first hour I talked about Jesus, nearly fifty years ago now, I felt that that hour was the hour of hours. I feel so to-night." And the General acted like it. Portentous sentences they were, demanding and receiving breathless consideration. The congregation was invited to ponder over and self-investigate. Character. Naked a man comes into the world, but he does not go out of it naked. He goes out of it with his character wrapped around him. "People imagine they are neutral, but God explodes this idea. Character is not a thing of foreign manufacture. It is not like a robe made for you by the angels, or a garment woven for you by the damned. Nay, it is not made for you by God himself. God makes his own."

"God wants some holy men and women in Brandon, some holy farmers, some holy farmers' wives, some holy storekeepers, that they may be as salt, and help to keep this neighbourhood from corruption."



OUR FRIEND, MAYOR COOPER
(of Portage la Prairie).

Then a passionate urging of the sinner to get his character changed before it was irrevocably fixed, before he was driven to hell by a loving Christ, who longed for him to come to His bosom.

"Driven to Hell!"

For how long? A week? No! A year? No! One hundred years? No! If it were a thousand years, sinner, I do not think I would say another word; but, oh God! It is for ever and ever!"

A strong and sustained effort to pull souls from approaching damnation met with no immediate success. But when a man and a woman and a little girl—daughter of an Auxiliary—courageously stepped forth, no doubt remained as to the issue. Each one of the thirteen over whom the final victorious chorus rose to Heaven, was fought for tooth and nail, and when won, filled our souls with that strange joy which warriors feel who have conquered under the banner of the Almighty.

Brandon was beautifully blessed! It got two more addresses out of the General on Monday, giving a complete and "living" presentment of the Salvation Army, such as no one but its founder could have furnished. Speaking in the afternoon, of the mighty spiritual strife which the Army had maintained, the General said he did not know that the shots of the enemy were any the less deadly than they were in the past. People had often had mourning

Ready for His Funeral,

but he was not buried yet—indeed, he felt very much alive just at present. "Glory!" serenaded the strong-lunged soldiers.

"And now for my application," quoth our leader, after he had re-



CAPTAIN ELLIOTT AND WIFE, AND BABY
MINNIE
(of Portage la Prairie).

viewed our whole battle-field. "God is there for you to work for, Christ is there for you to suffer for, and the Holy Ghost is there to help you to do both. You haven't a very big world here, but there is plenty to be accomplished for God, even on these prairies."

Brandon's very cordial feelings were gorged in a beautiful dress of artistic skill, and handed to the General by the Hon. James A. Smart, Mayor, at the great assemblage at night which was convened in the interests of our Social crusade. Mr. C. Sifton (the General's host) in the chair. Among the spoken addresses by representatives of religion, philanthropy, medicine, commerce, etc., space permits of but one quotation. Mr. Peterson well sustained the reputation of the legal profession for ready, eloquent speech. He showed, too, a more than usually close acquaintance with Scripture.

"They say," he remarked, "that the age of miracles is past. Perhaps it is. Anyway, I had occasion recently to investigate the miracle of feeding the five thousand with the five loaves and two small fishes, and I could not help thinking if that were a miraculous event—as doubtless it was—then it could scarcely be considered less so when the Bread of Life was broken to so many millions by means that seemed as inefficient for the purpose as on that occasion. For myself, I will conclude that the age of miracles is not past! (Volleys and applause.) The General's mission is peculiarly that of his Master—Christ—on the occasion to which we have referred, not only preached to the people, but provided them with supper afterwards. General Booth does not give them a tract and say, 'Be ye clothed, and be ye fed,' but we find him actually engaged on every one in testimony of the work they have set before them—Shelters, and Homes, and other agencies." (Cheers.)

The expression of these kindly sentiments occupied some time, which perhaps accounts for the amusing incident of the undertaking, when the chairman came forward and called upon a gentleman in the audience to propose a vote of thanks to General Booth.

"Hadin' they better have their supper before they thank me for it?" the General suggested, and the mercurial of the platform. It was a mixed "supper"—a wonderful meal—that the audience got, and which they mentally devoured. "The woes of humanity," came on first. Our duty to help alleviate them," next, and the brightest and best dish last. "The Darkest England Scheme, and its accomplishment." After such a repast, Brandon should speedily become branded as one of our best Social helpers. . . .

BRIEF BUT BRILLIANT.

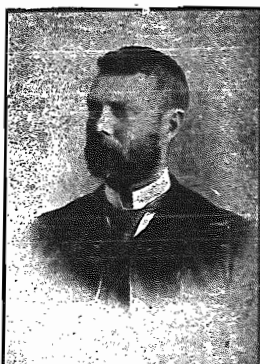
Portage la Prairie, "Best Meeting."

Short and sweet it was! Portage la Prairie, its Capitan (Elliott and wife) its eighty-eight soldiers, and everybody concerned are to be congratulated. The General got there in good time—it was only seventy-seven minutes' run from Brandon, though unfortunately suffering from a rather sudden and severe attack of an internal nature. The Opera House was bright, comfortable and gorged. The audience of the best. Two rows of chairs on the platform crowded with white shirt fronts. Other rows with shouting, leaping soldiers.

Mayor Cooper, Q. C., dispensed with a lengthy introduction in this wise: "You all know the Salvation Army, and the work they are doing in your midst." (Yes, indeed, said the applause evoked.)

"See How People Will Hunt for Skins,"

said the General, referring to one of the industries of the country. "Let us hunt for souls!" Starting from this key-note, so grand in its simplicity, he showed how this was the end and aim of the scheme he advocated, and how, by its world-wide application, it could be wholesomely attained. The General's splendid earnestness, his unanswerable propositions, and his common sense proposals put at every point, one of the most interested of the listeners being Mr.—the Chief of Police.



DR. J. G. RUTHERFORD M.P.P.
(of Portage la Prairie)

J. G. Rutherford, M.P.P., a gentleman to whom the Army has been a great spiritual benefit, cleverly commended what the General had laid before them. The Canadian Pacific Railway had that day brought with them the most notable man the 19th century had produced. There was great controversy as to the age of the world, but it was really not more than

Two Centuries Old.

(Laughter.) All the great inventions, without which we of the present day would hardly know how to live, belonged to those couple of hundred years. The Army had taken hold of these, and in a marvelous way, bent them to the assistance of its world-blessing mission!



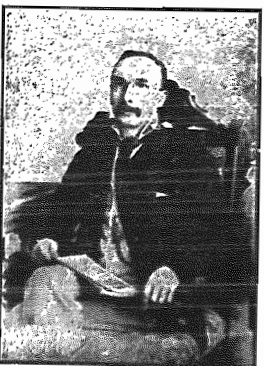
RESIDENCE OF EX-MAYOR GARLAND, OF
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.
The General was hosted here.

"So far as our Province is concerned, so far as our laws will allow, we will assist them," was the outspoken sympathy of the Hon. E. Watson, Minister of Public Works. He added: "I am in hopes that the General will perhaps solve a problem the Legislature has been trying to solve for years—how to people our country."

The General—"You might fire a volley there!"

(Explosion!)

In the prayer with which our veteran closed this enthusiastic occasion, was interwoven this pathetic petition: "Oh, my God! My God! What



"FATHER BOWMAN"
(the Army's old stand-by in Portage la Prairie).

room there is for a nation who shall love and serve Thee! Oh, my God! that it might be brought about, and Lord, let me have a hand in doing it!" And all the people echoed the "Amen."

Winnipeg Wants, Wishes, Waits and Wins.

The General Sets the Chords of the Heart City Vibrating—Crowning Triumph of the North-West.

Fifty-Eight Souls Accept the Cross.

ELOQUENCE LET LOOSE IN THE CAUSE OF THE WORLD'S POOR—PUBLIC RESOLUTION ASKING THE ARMY TO AT ONCE OPEN A FOOD AND SHELTER—THE COMMANDANT SPRINGS TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENT THEREOF—\$1500 AND A BUILDING—GOVERNOR SMITH AND THE GENERAL IN CONVERSE—HIS HONOR WILL GIVE EVERY POSSIBLE ASSISTANCE IN LOCATING SOCIAL COLONY—MAGNIFICENT OVERCROWDED MEETING—STUDENT SATURDAY—DEAFENING DEPOT DEPARTURE.

"Good morning, have you used, etc." is a hack number now. To-day it is "Have you seen General Booth?"

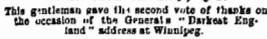
This forcible and witty setting of public opinion by the Winnipeg "Evening News Bulletin," applied to the General's arrival in the Heart City of the Northwest on midday Wednesday, January 16th, when, though no public welcome was formulated, a spontaneous something, amounting to the same thing occurred, and the fulfilment of expectation culminated in drum-bangs, trumpet tootlings, and crowd cheerings in satisfaction at visit and visitor.



MAJOR AND MRS. READ.

From the first movement the throb of the Heart City was towards the General. The capital of Manitoba is a centre of enterprises. Who of us but have read, in the neighborhood of our teens, the scapling, huffalo-hunting, and romances associated with Winnipeg regions? It was old Fort Garry in those days. The Hudson Bay Headquarters are still there, but what a transformation! Electric trams, spreading telephones, broad thoroughfares, huge grain elevators, and 30,000 citizens! Only the waters of the Red River and the Assiniboine change not—though at present ice-rouled from public view. And Winnipeg is ambitious! It is crying out for more settlers, and a few would gladly see the General's Colony established near its borders.

"I see you have got a heart, and I have been very glad to have a look in through the key-hole," was the General's verdict at the last public meeting, which occasion was the climax to the crowning triumph of the Northwest. The fact is, the Salvation Army is a living power out here, an influence upon the spiritual and moral health of the place since to that exerted upon the physical by the frost and snow, and the clear atmosphere and the sleighing to which they give birth. Major Read regulates his Division from this place in a clear, warm-hearted, alert Salvationist, much loved by his officers and soldiers, and esteemed by 100 per cent of the outsiders. There is mutual sorrow at his approaching departure mingled with grief that serious illness has taken him. All this—and more—applies to his war-patients,



This gentleman gave the second vote of thanks on the occasion of the General's "Darkest England" address at Winnipeg.

Winipeg Corps is worthy of its environment. Over 100 blood and fire warriors follow the flag. Their banding is excellent, their enthusiasm born of our-and-out Salvationism. They possess excellent lungs—all Winnipeggers do, for the weak ones either become strong, or too owners cease to need them. This is essential: in a land where in winter time the music freezes in the instruments, or where the band can only get out bugle-calls as they march in procession. Several candidates kept the Commandant at the desk in the "small hours," an evidence of vitality in all concerned.

"I wouldn't mind living here myself," the General eulogizingly exclaimed, when shown over a number of perhaps the grandest of all the family of Army institutions—our Rescue Homes. The new Home is almost ideal, and Mrs. Booth must be heartily congratulated upon the suitability and efficiency of this section of her Jurisdiction. As a monument to the memory of the General's visit, a Poor Man's Shelter is about to be opened.

The Commandant is a genius at realizing his own dreams. His Jubilee programme included a Shelter at Winnipeg—just when or how could not be safely conjectured. But the dream was dreamed, and then out of a magnificent vision came the saving of the first day of the General's arrival, a resolution was evolved, calling, with unanimous voice, for the immediate fulfilling of the project. The day the Commandant appeared before the A. O. U. W. Council, they so splendidly crowded meeting, donations were secured, and on the third day he was "sleighing" round to all the philanthropic, charitable, and worthy ladies and gentlemen in the north-west. On the 31st of January a building secured up to the limit of our department Eastwards.

Whether judged by an outcome so fraught with practical utility as this, or by the higher and more glorious one of an ingathering of 58 souls in and out of two spiritual attacks, or by the enthusiasm and commendation attendant on the General's eloquent recital of the Army's genius and outshooting at a third overcrowded Grace Church gathering—the Heart City Campaign takes first rank in the glorious engagements of our General's busiest tour.

His stay in Winnipeg, from the afternoon of the 16th, to the evening of the 19th, was of the usual oversimplified description. The memorable part of his mission was the Social Triumph. There, in the hall of the Hotel Thursday, took place at Government House, what was at first of equal importance, an informal and friendly meeting with His Honor Lieutenant Governor. Since that regret that His Honor had not yet recovered from a serious illness, but he most kindly and readily received the Gentlemen and the Commandant in his sitting room. Present were the Hon. J. D. Cameron, Provincial Secretary, Mr. J. A. McTavish, Mayor, Surgeon-Major Codd, Captain Whittle, who kindly entertained the

The General found keen and interested listeners in each of these gentlemen, with an occasional question or an hearty assent thrown in. At leaving, His Honor, in the most cordial manner, promised every aid it was in his power to give in the matter of the General's Social Colony. We understand that at the Lieutenant-Governor's request, the General had a second conversation with His Honor, when the assurances of good-fellowship were confirmed. Mrs. Shultz, the Viscountess Archduchess Phair and Fortin, greeted the General upon his arrival at the house.

The General attaches an ever-increasing importance to the perfecting of his own officers and soldiers, and his first question on seeing a programme of the meetings mapped out for him was: "What is the use of our own people?" At Winnipeg, Thursday afternoon was wholly devoted to the soldiers and recruits. Friday morning to the officers. The programme was uniform, and the conduct of their own officers was the chief object from the General the remarks that all that was needed to capture the West was more leaders. Several of those present were helped to determine their own place in the general character and lives of the country came out for Divine principles.

The largest gathering of students ever held in Winnipeg was addressed by the General in the Lecture-room of Grace Church, on Saturday morning. All the Colleges were fully represented by both men and women. Rev. Dr. Kling, Principal of the Manitoba College, said the General's address in the city had produced a profound impression, and he hailed with great pleasure this additional opportunity of hearing him speak. He hoped it would be one of the best mornings for the religious life of those before him, and through them of the Province, they had ever had.

"It only seems to me as yesterday that I was in your position, feeling walled in, as it were, by circumstances. What could I do?" In this question the general opened his heart, which branched out into a living proof of his assertion. "God is no respecter of persons, but He is a respecter of consciences, of character. What am I? You are what you are; and it is not merely what you are this morning, but what God Almighty has made out of you. In the long run the man who has no conscience for his shall be lightly esteemed. You say, 'I must go on with these studies, these things which I have undertaken.' I wouldn't. I'd stop now and say, 'What am I going to do with it all? What is the use of it? What is required to damn the world and circumvent the purposes of the Almighty?'"

Then, with concluding emphasis, the General leaned forward and entreated the intelligent audience he faced. "Give your life over to Him!"



Dr. King warmly eulogized the work of the General and his Army as a greater apotheosis for Christianity than many of the learned volumes that had been written; and he and the General earnestly prayed for an outcome of the occasion commensurate with the claims of God and the needs of the world.

The mid-day, which was to have witnessed the General's departure, lengthened into afternoon, evening, night! But hundreds were on the look-out for the event, and when it was found that there was time enough and to spare, and the General started a free-and-easy, the waiting room was thronged from door to store inside, with the book-keeping-clerks peering out through the

Great, warm, and lovely as had been the beatings of Winnipeg's big "Heart," socially and sympathetically, it was on Friday that its Saviourwards throbs set the General's heart dancing, and the Salvationists' lungs working, and God's people smiling! The General shows an ever-increasing delight in direct soul-saving and sanctifying, and we enjoyed a gala-day in that respect which will long memorize this city.

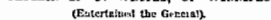
In the afternoon, to a nice crowd, our leader exhibited the beauties of holiness, and barrenness incurred by non-acceptance. Yet how many of his hearers had hearts that had been some enjoyment, some idol, that they could not give up, and they went to hell with it in their arms and in their hearts, never to part with it to this day and ever. That is idolatry in deed. And God has the power to make men to be rivers of living water, not full of mud, and sand of stagnation. If fulfilling this beautiful promise condition, blessed are the peo-
plised condition, blessed are the peo-
ple, you belong to blessed is the
the Corps in which are soldiers
and blessed the very earth you
plough! Set your heads up, let your

"But the price! The price! No abatement! And yet it is to your eternal profit to pay it! No haggling!" the General pleaded. Not one or two, but seventeen, mostly women, heard and obeyed, and, spiritually speaking, went forth with their heads up.

"We don't want a chairman tonight, for the Master of Assemblies is here," said Mr. Fork, just before

the battle. For the third time Grace Church held a great congregation, who were to be more strangely moved upon than on either the first or second evening.

"I'd just like to have a month here," the General told them. "Shut the whole machinery of business up, and with God's help get the whole city converted! If that could be brought about, four hours' labor a day would suffice for all your needs, and you could spend all the rest of the time in praising and glorifying God. (Laughter and volley.)"



(Entertained the General).

set forth, broken into only by the call to the Penitent-form, with which the address closed. There was little waiting. The Spirit had broken upon a few hearts, and smarted many a conscience. The service was a most good fishing. Thirty-two lined the Communion rail within the first half-hour. An Alderman brought up a dejected-looking man, causing the General to say: "That fellow was elected." A respectable person was espied in the Gallery with his head in his hands. Up the stairs climbed a pale soul-satcher, talked with him, and then returned to the altar, to receive the penitent form, but could not prevail upon him to kneel. One after another tackled him, determined not to be balked by the enemy. He condescended to kneel, and again hurried to his head in his hands. "No more whiskey!" he objected. "Christ cannot drive the devil out!" was the rejoinder, and, so, by assurances and coaxing, the dear fellow was got to the verge of the confession.

"I used to be a member of this church," one of the kneeling backsliders admitted. His return would have delighted the warm heart of Mr. Turk, who was an active participator in the Salvation slaughter, and who publicly testified to the benefits he had received from the services, and we understand intended to follow them up with a week's special meetings.

Still the glorious business went on, and continued to a late hour, forty-one entering the Kingdom to the music of Heaven and the shouts of earth.

Grace Church is Methodist, its pastor Salvationist! The edifice is beautiful in construction, and commodious in proportions. The Rev. Mr. Turk is a capable and enthusiastic Army friend, as before stated. He placed his church at the General's disposal for the three days covering the campaign—an act of generosity unparalleled in our travels.

The "first filling" took place on Wednesday night, January 16th. Over 1,200 of the "cream of Winnipeg" were there, including our own blood-and-fire followers. Major Read ignored his weakness, and led the risen house in a unanimous, rousing and prolonged greeting.

Our model chairman—Mr. Turk then turned the tap on nearly an hour's steam of hot, heart-spring congratulations and sympathy. In the forefront came Major Gilroy, assuring the General a visitor. "The calling that you have been chosen to be the most noble of all—the good man," and then proceeding to read the citizens' engorged address, which expressed the belief that the General had become "the very idol of the town and friendless," and bearing testimony to the grand work which you have undertaken and which you are now so ably assisted by your followers, we have had ample evidence in this young city of the West. Your adherents in our city have been always foremost in every labor on behalf of the advancement of their fellow-men, and we are confident that you will be successful in every undertaking of any class or condition."



MAIN STREET WINNIPEG

there you will also perceive the beneficent influence of your organization." ("Hear, hear," and confirmation cheers.)

With the eloquence of sincerity, Dr. Amelia Yoxman (whose skill is generously exerted for the benefit of our Rescue Home whenever it is required) gracefully tendered the wishes and prayers of the Christian Associations of the city, from the W. C. T. U. down to the smallest band of women who, Dorcas-like, met to do sewing for the poor and needy. With one accord, they all said to General Booth, "Thank you for showing us times," and added the Doctor, "Thank God for the gift of General Booth, who has given rich gifts to the world by his lips and by his pen. We have all felt the quickening Spirit through his ministrations to mankind." (Applause and amen.)

Another characteristic welcome came through the medium of one of the most popular in Winnipeg—the people's orator (C. F. R. conductor, Joseph Foley). It is difficult to give any idea of the force and readiness of this host speaker.

"On behalf of organized railway labor," he said "I welcome you, General Booth, to our midst. (Storm of applause.) Christendom has no parallel to the Salvation Army as a channel of philanthropy. Her arms are long and strong, her sympathy broad and deep, and the legions of those under happy by her beneficent efforts form a magnificent monument. (Cheers.)

The Army, sir, is a testimonial to your purity, to your self-denial, and to the electrical brilliancy of your management."

The other speakers included Rev. R. G. MacBeth, Ministerial Association; Dr. Pennefather, Medical Profession; Mr. W. Small, Trade and Labor Council; Mr. T. H. Ashdown, Board of Trade; Mr. R. T. Riley, Business Men of Winnipeg; who declared, "People are taught in the Army to pay their debts, as well as to shout 'Hallelujah!' Principal McFarland (Deaf and Dumb Institute, vice-president of St. Andrew's Society) and last, but highly appreciated by the General, a message from the Icelanders, read by Mr. Bjornson, cordially thanking him for the deep interest he had taken in the spiritual welfare of their country, and for appointing an officer out of Winnipeg for the work.

A second ovation marked the General's step to the front, and his first words showed how much his heart had been touched by the avalanche of good-will which had to-night overtaken him. Anyway, he finished his return by saying, "I am at the service of humanity, and I live for the glory of my Lord!" (Voileys.)

"Already it seems to me all the bottles in the house will be full," he preferred his address, "and there will be no room for me to pour any more in!" (Laughter.) But no, the house eagerly drank in a couple of hours' burning talk, full of such insistent truths as, "You must either get to the man's body through his soul, or get to his soul through his body. I don't care which way so long as you accomplish the journey. (Cheers.) It's a grand work, the saving of men! It is the most hallelujahish business on earth. I don't want to go to Heaven, because I am afraid I shan't get such a good job there!" (Voileys.)

"Crank I may be," he exclaimed further on, "and crank I have no doubt I am—in the estimation of the devil!" A few ally people, also, who thought they were going to lounge in and disturb the meeting when it was half way through, took sides with the devil on this matter, but the eager listeners instead of had nothing but commendation and agreement for the wholesome Social-saving of mankind advocated by the white-haired prophet of better, brighter days to come.

"Whoever undertook the gigantic task of running that line of steel from shore to shore (the General was referring to the Canadian Pacific Railway, which company, by-the-by, has served us most generously, granting the General and party free passes from the Coast to Ontario) must have felt that they had the country at their back, or they would never have attempted a journey which I have hardly found paralleled in my journeys throughout the world," and for this kind of backing up, he appeared to carry successfully through the mighty, transcendent task of uplifting the world's poor, and reforming the vicious and criminal.



MR. RYAN,

Proposed vote of thanks at the Winnipeg Social Reform Meeting.

He touched upon the Coming Colony with a note of faith. "I believe God has got His eye on the spot, and I have got my eye on God. (Amen.) And now—Hullo, look at the clock!" and the General bounded back to his seat amid the third ovation.



WINNIPEG RESCUE HOME.

The "bottles" ran over, with the result that the following resolution was put and carried: "Having heard with great interest the plans advocated by General Booth for the Social elevation of the unfortunate poor, and realizing that some additional method is essential in our city for relieving and not pauperizing the poor in our midst, we, the citizens of Winnipeg, assembled at a great meeting in Grace Church, are of the opinion that a Salvation Army Food and Shelter should be established here. Further, this meeting pledges itself to do all in its power to raise the necessary funds, and are of opinion that this is a case where the City Council could with advantage grant a sum for its establishment and support."

A Triumphant Termination.

The next day, the Commandant met the Aldermen and some gentlemen interested in Social effort, with the result that \$150 was promised on the spot, which was augmented by further subscriptions at the splendid gathering at night, swelled by the Commandant's strike-while-the-iron's-hot canvas on Friday, and totalled up to more than half of the \$2,500 re-

quired by further donations at the night meeting. The aid of the Council it has been decided, shall not be invoked. So much greater the chance for individual philanthropy! Anyway, the Shelter is an accomplished fact!

The Golden City of the West.

A CANADIAN'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

San Francisco is the Queen City of the Pacific Coast, and is beautifully situated, with a climate that may be equaled, but not surpassed. It is singularly blessed, for the land and the sea produce almost anything that can be grown on this planet.

It also possesses one of the finest harbors in the world, capable of accommodating immense fleets of shipping, to and from which the finest and largest vessels in the world come and go, laden with the product of the world's industry, in order that the people may enjoy the blessings of the world with the fruits of their labor. I have been observing and absorbing anything and everything concerning Salvation Army warfare in general, and the cause of Christ in particular. The population is about three hundred thousand; there are

Ten Corps in Frisco,

and several more at Oakland, just across the bay. I have visited most of these corps, and find the officers and soldiers stirred with the same fiery zeal and earnest enthusiasm that enabled Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, to win three thousand souls at one open air meeting, and that has enabled our dear Canadian soldiers to gain victories, win souls, overcome obstacles, break down opposition, remove prejudice, not only of Christians, but of skeptics and sinners of all kinds.

I find it the same here. Quite a number of infidels with whom I have conversed, tell me they believe in the Bible, but do not believe in Christianity. What they mean is they do not believe in nominal Christianity. Of course, the assertion in any other sense would not only be illogical, but impossible. For they begin to believe in the Army; they must also begin to believe in the power that guides, governs, and prompts every action of our officers and soldiers, and that makes their lives

A Paradox, and a Enigma

to the skeptical but close observer. Though the Army is strong and churches and missions are plentiful, the Sabbath is openly desecrated, saloons, theaters, and all places of amusement are in full swing; hawkers, pedlars, cheap-Jacks, etc., expose their wares, and noisily solicit custom on the principal thoroughfares.

Except that the large business houses are closed, one would be apt to forget it was Sunday.

To a Christian, accustomed to the quiet, restful repose of a Canadian Sabbath, a Sunday spent in the midst of confusion, excitement and turmoil of pleasure-seeking, on the streets of the Golden City of the West, would be painfully impressive of unrest and dissatisfaction.

Reason says, "They who deny God, destroy man; no law is for a certain man, by his body, is akin to the beast, and if he is not akin to God by his spirit he is base and ignoble; and I would add, those who ignore God, practically deny Him. The bog of a filthy and gross animal, but he is just what nature intends he should be. Nor can he be anything else, for he is bound by the iron laws of nature. Man is not so constituted. He was made a little lower than the angels, and has the power to disobey and break God's law, to the destruction of their bodies and the damnation of their souls. If we ignore God He simply leaves us to

The Mercy of Our Vices,

which not only destroys individuals, but nations.

For myself, I prefer rather to be good than rich, and I would rather be believed by a few than loved by a world.

THOMAS KNIGHT.

MISSING COLUMN.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert S. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Alton, Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" in the corner of the envelope.

1492. BLAKEMORE, AMY. When last heard of twelve months ago, she was living at 308 Simcoe street, London, Ont. Age 10; light complexion, rather stout; height, 4 feet. Her mother is anxious.

1493. STRETTON, ROWLAND GEORGE. Sailed for Canada on April 19th, 1894. Her mother is anxious for news. Age 21 years; stout build; height, 5 feet 10 inches; aquiline nose; blue eyes. When a boy he lost his finger nails through measles. He is an agricultural laborer.

1494. HAMMILL, CHARLES A. Has not been heard of since June, 1894. His last address was Care Mr. W. McLaw, Esq., 64 Coursoi street, Montreal.

1496. WAG, SYDNEY JOHN. Supposed to be in Winnipeg, Man. Age 20; fair hair; height, 5 feet, 8 inches. Rather stout. His mother is anxious.

1497. PACKARD, ROBERT I. Age 28; height, 5 feet 8 inches; light brown hair, dark brown eyes. His last address was Regina Hotel, Vancouver, B. C. (two years ago last October). The proprietress is said to be Mrs. S. Burr, late of Winnipeg.

1498. BUTLEY, BENJAMIN, CHARLES. English born, 1870. America. Last heard of in 1873, when his letters were addressed Parker Post-office, Wellington County, Ontario. His niece enquires.

1499. MILLER, JAMES. An Englishman; age, 44 years; height, 5 feet 2 inches; light hair; blue eyes, florid complexion, stammers slightly. Left Winnipeg for Vancouver eight years ago. Usually attends S. A. meetings. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts, please write Enquiry Department, 261 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.

MARY PALMER, aged 18 years, left her home, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon, June 24. If she will write to D. H. Watt, solicitor, 84 1-2 King street east, Toronto, she will hear of something to her advantage. All Crps please copy without fail.

1501.—MACCALL, JOHN ARTHUR. Last heard of in September, 1900, when he was working in one of the largest printing offices in Chicago. Last known address, 280 North Clark street. Information earnestly sought.

1500.—CRANHAM.—ANNIE LOUISE. Age 21; fair. Supposed to be at one of the Salvation Army Corps, Toronto. Sister enquires.

1490.—WOTTON, JOSEPH. Last address, S. A. Lifeboat, Toronto. Let there with the intention of going to Strathroy, England. His parents are anxious to hear from him.

1470.—MAREN MARTIN, and BRIDGET. Will the friends who some time ago advertised for these people please write at once to Enquiry Department, 261 Victoria Street, as information has been received.

A 12 YEARS' READER.

An American, too—"Haunted Hearts" Gets There.

Editor of War Cry: Just a few lines to tell you what a splendid Cry you got up this Christmas. The article by the Commandant, "Haunted Hearts," was immense, and I am sure you will get some more of the same kind from the same pen.

And then the plate will make such a splendid companion to the Easter Cry.

I have been a reader of the War Cry over twelve years, and yours for Christmas beats anything I ever saw yet. Why, it knocks our Irish one out of sight.

Praying that God's richest blessing may rest upon your labors in the paper war and many souls be won, I will remain yours in Him.

CAPTAIN WALTER BONE.

"Music has been one of the means
most used by God for the bestowal of some
of His richest blessings upon the people."

TUNE—Friend in Jesus. (B.J., 28.)

- 1 What a need there is for Christians,
In Tedium, Grief and Life to be spent;
Helping sinners to repentance,
And then all to God to commend,
O Lord Jesus, make us earnest prayer;
In our hearts most earnest prayer;
By Thy grace God will help poor sinners
Out of Satan's evil snare.

Why on us did God have mercy
When we were rejecting Him?
Was it not for this good purpose
That we might be made His sinners?
Not because we must or perish,
Not alone a crown to gain;
But to help our fallen countrymen,
From all wickedness abstain.

Brother, sister, do not ever
Stop to count the selfish cost;
If our neighbour has before us,
This whole world may be lost.
Courage, prayer, and perseverance,
And love our motto be;
Then we'll dwell in brighter glory,
Through that vast eternity.

Geo. J. MacGABRIEL, Halifax, N.S.

"The onward march of God's people
through the ages has been accomplished
in step to the inspiring strains of songs which
have sprung from hearts yearning for the
Spirit of God has breathed."

TUNE—Aunt Laurie.

- 2 For years my spirit wandered
Deep in the paths of sin,
Till the Redeemer came to me,
"Oh, sinner, let Me in!
I'll cleanse your heart from sin,
And give you peace within."
Oh, open wide your heart's door,
And let Thy Saviour in!

Then I laid my heavy burden
At Jesus' feet, and He
Believed my sins had pardon,
When He heard would meet.
He spoke sweet words to me,
My spirit He set free,
He gave me blessed victory
Over sin and misery.

BERNARD W. McKAY.

"By a song, the feet on slippery paths
have been made firm; the irresolute will
has been brought to decision, and the per-
plexed soul has received a revelation from
the Throne."

TUNE—Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye! (B.J., 26.)

- 3 Oh, wanderer from Jesus, away far in sin,
Oh, think of the danger your poor soul is in;
Just think of your Saviour, when long you've sinned,
And when He has called you, His call you've refused.
The joys of this world are but fleeting and vain,
They bring to you sorrow, and misery, and pain;
In Jesus there's cleansing, and freedom from sin,
He calls you to come, He'll surely take you in.

Why wander along in your misery and sin,
When Jesus is waiting your soul to redeem;
Oh, come to your Saviour, for refuge now flee,
While streams of salvation are flowing for thee.
He calls you to come, He'll surely take you in.

FOLLIE LITTLE, Peterboro'.

"None use music more extensively in
their daily, as well as in their public
meetings, than Salvationists; and cer-
tainly none use it with greater success so
far as spiritual results are concerned."

TUNE—Oh, my comrades, see the millions.

- 4 Hark, what is that trumpet sounding,
Sounding loud and clear,
Tis the trumpet of salvation,
Calling, sinners here.

CHORUS.

Sound the trumpet, Army soldiers,
Sound it loud and clear,
God is saving guilty sinners,
O'er, my comrades, cheer.

Yes, the glories of heaven are sounding,
Spreading far and near,
Sound the trumpet, let all sinners
Hear the joyful sound.

Sound the trumpet, let all sinners
Hear the joyful sound,
Hear Jesus wait to save you,
Come, He can be found.

FOLLIE LITTLE.

"The service rendered by music to the
Kingdom of God is greater to-day than it
has ever been in the past."

TUNE—Hold the fort! (B.J., 17.)

- 5 In the Army we are fighting,
Fighting for the King,
We can feel His arms around us,
We His praises sing.

CHORUS.

Go ahead, Salvation soldiers,
Never doubt a day,
We still keep marching forward,
March to victory.

We have Jesus for our Captain,
In the battle die,
He will help us when we're faltering,
We are sure to win.

See how fast the race is going
To their heavenly home,
Jesus waits, He waits to save them,
All the Cross there's none.

Hallelujah, what a greeting
In their home of light,
When the saints of God are landed,
Conquerors in the fight.

GEORGE THOMPSON, Newfoundland.

Trade Department Notions.

"Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever (buying or selling) ye do, do all for the glory of God."—ST. PAUL.

Why are Ducks Happy in Spite of Rain?

Because the water runs off their feathery coats, and

So May Every Lassie be Happy.

Because she can now buy our celebrated

WATERPROOF SERGE,

And can go out without an umbrella. Price \$1.25 and \$1.00 per yard.

DRESSES and ULSTERS made to order to satisfy you.

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Should be worn by all who will be present at the Big Toronto Meet-ings. 5 cents only.

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Book:—

Now for sale at 35 cents.

The Printwell RUBBER TYPE Out-fit, complete, 40c.

"The Brewer's Ghost" Should be Read and re-Read

CHEAP SUITS? YES!
GOOD SUITS? YES!
GOOD FIT? YES!
BARGAINS? YES!

WHERE?

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WILL BUY ANY OF THESE:

- 1 Jubilee Badge.
- 1 Social Badge.
- 1 Beau/ni Motto.
- 1 Yds Military Band.
- 1 Gospel.
- 1 "Brewer's Ghost."
- 1 Plain Account of Christian Perfection.
- 1 Regulation Song Book.
- 1 Book of Hymns of the Musical Salvationist.

ALL THE RAGE PRESENTLY.

THE "VICTOR" SUIT.

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Will buy a Copy of the following Pamphlets:

- 1 Holy Living.
- 1 Holy Ghost.
- 1 "Brewer's Ghost."
- 1 Plain Account of Christian Perfection.
- 1 Regulation Song Book.
- 1 Book of Hymns of the Musical Salvationist.

Be Sure and Read "The Brewer's Ghost."

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Stamped in Silver on Polished Cardboard.

C. GOOD TIDINGS.

Size, 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches—Price, 6 cents each.

To belong to Christ.
God first.
Able to save.
The Lord will provide.
God is Light.
Able to keep.

Ye belong to Christ

D. Size, 9 x 5 1/2 inches—Price, 6c. each.

Jesus only.
God is Love.
All for Jesus.
Hallelujah to the Lord.
We care for you.
Your Father knoweth.

JESUS ONLY

A Great Variety in Stock from 3 cts. to 40 cts. a piece. Send for Price List.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Work:

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GENERAL BOOTH,

The Venerable Founder of the Globe-Girdling Salvation Army, the Apostle of the Lapsed Masses, and Originator of the Famous "Darkest England" Social Scheme, which is Daily Blessing Thousands of the World's Poorest,

CONDUCTS

GIGANTIC SALVATION ARMY CAMPAIGN

— AT —

TORONTO, February 7th to 12th, Inclusive.

* * THE GENERAL WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY * *

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH,
COLONEL LAWLEY, MAJOR MALAN, and a Huge Staff of Officers.

Program of Public Meetings:

THURSDAY, February 7th.

Great Reception Meeting in the Massey Music Hall, at 8 o'clock. Addresses of Welcome will be given by His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick; His Worship, the Mayor of Toronto; Emerson Costworth, M.P.; J. S. Robertson, Esq., President Canadian Temperance League; John G. Ridout, Esq., M.P.; W. F. McLean, Esq., M.P.; Geo. B. Sweetman, Esq., Secretary Canadian Temperance League; S. Nordheimer, Esq., German Consul; Dr. Potts, General Secretary of Education at Victoria University; Dr. Thomas and others.

FRIDAY, February 8th.

Officers' Councils of War in the Elm Street Hall.

SATURDAY, February 9th.

Saturday morning, Field Officers' Council continued; afternoon, Staff Officers' Council; 5 p.m., Poor People's Banquet; United Meeting of Officers and Soldiers in the Jubilee Hall, Temple, Albert Street, at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, February 10th.

Meetings at 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m., in the Massey Hall.

MONDAY, February 11th.

Services in the Temple, Albert Street, commencing at 3 and 8 p.m. The General will address the Ministerial Association.

TUESDAY, February 12th.

Farewell Gathering in the Massey Hall. Subject: "The Social Work of the Salvation Army." Chairman, Sir Oliver Mowat. Meeting commences at 8 p.m. The Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, and a number of Toronto's leading citizens will be present.

Reduced rate tickets can be had, Single Fare, for Return Journey, from all points on the Canadian Pacific Railway and Grand Trunk Railway.

Officers must be careful to get a Certificate when purchasing their ticket, otherwise they will not be able to get the cheap rate.

The time for signing Certificates is on Friday morning, and Tuesday afternoon, and no other date.

A list of Officers' Billets will be displayed in room for Officers behind the Jubilee Hall; Provincial Headquarters, Lippincott; and at the Workman's Hotel.

On Account of the Large Crowd Expected, it is Respectfully Requested that Infants in Arms be Left at Home.

A CHOIR OF 250 VOICES, AND A FULL ORCHESTRA WILL ASSIST IN THE SINGING.